Sir John Berkenhead REVIV'D,

OR A

SATYR

Againſt the late

REBELLION.

LONDON,
Printed for *W. Benbridge*, 1681.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE *ENGLISH REBELLION.*

WHen as we liv'd in peace (GOD wot)
A King would not content us;
But we, forsooth, must hire the *Scot*,
To *all-be-Parliament* us.

Then down went *King* and *Bishops* too;
On goes the holy *Wirk*,
Betwixt them and the *Brethren blew*,
T' advance the *Crown* and *Kirk*.

But when that these had reign'd a time,
Robb'd *Kirk*, and sold the *Crown*;
A more religious sort up climbe,
And crush the *Jockies* down.

But now we must have *Peace* again,
Let none with fear be vext:
For, if without the King these raign,
Then heigh down they go next

A *Peace*, a *Peace*, the *Country* cries,
Or elſe we ſhall be undone:
For this brave *War* we thank the wiſe
Confiding Men of LONDON.

Sure now they may, as well as we,
Know how to value *Quiet*,
When th' Army comes their *Gueſts* to be,
For a Twelvemonths *Caſh* and *Diet*.

Free Quarter is a tedious thing,
And ſo is the *Exciſe*.
None can deliver us but the *King*,
From this damn'd *Dutch* Device.

The Parliament hath ſerv'd ſeven years;
True vengeance then we ſee
Upon feign'd *Jealouſies* and *Fears*;
For yet they are not free.

Long *Peace* a Plenty did beget,
And Plenty brought forth Pride;
Through Pride to Faction Men were ſet
In Parties to divide.

The new-form'd Prieſts firſt led the way,
And ſaid it was no ſin
By force to drive the King away,
And draw the CITY in.

The Lords and Commons they conſent
To what each *Rabbi* ſaith;
And ſo the *Catholick* down went,
T' advance the *public Faith*.

This brought a War and Taxes on,
T' inſlave a free-born People:
And now the Work is thus far gone,
Next have at *Crown* and *Steeple*.

Our wiſe *Reformers*, brave and gay,
Have ta'ne a goodly courſe,
To *fight*, to *feaſt*, to *faſt* and *pray*,
And *milk* each honeſt *Purſe*.

The Crown's Revenue goes to wrack,
While they ſing *Hymns* and *Pſalms*;
And rather than themſelves will lack,
The King muſt live on Alms.

We are, the learned *Synod* ſays,
The Church of *England*'s Nurſe,
Who make them bleſs the *Sabbath-days*,
And all the week to curſe.

The *Plough* ſtands ſtill, and *Trade* is ſmall;
For *Goods*, *Lands*, *Towns*, and *Cities*,
Nay, I dare ſay, the *Devil* and all,
Pays Tribute to *Committees*.

A *Scot* and *Jeſuit* joyn'd in hand,
Firſt taught the World to ſay,
That *Subjects* ought to have *command*,
And *Princes* to *obey*.

Theſe both agreed to have *no King*;
The *Scotchman* he cries further,
No Biſhop: 'tis a godly thing
States to reform by Murther.

Then

Then th' *Independent* meek and fly,
Moſt lowly lies at lurch,
And ſo to put poor *Jocky* by,
Reſolves to have *no Church.*

The *King* dethron'd! the *Subjects* bleed!
The Church hath no abode;
Let us conclude they 're all agreed,
That ſure there is no GOD.

Our States-men (though no Lunaticks,
No *Wizards*, nor *Buffons*)
Have ſhewn a hundred Changeling-Tricks,
In leſs than three New Moons.

The Devils foot is cleft (men ſpeak)
And ſo (GOD knows) are they:
The Factions rule by fits, then take
Their turnes, and run away.

They vote, vnvote, and vote with noiſe
What they cry'd down before,
As ready as if LONDON-Boys
Were knocking at the dore.

To day an Independ out-ſide;
And then a Scotch to morrow:
Thus ſhuffle and cut, they do divide
Our Wealth, whilſt we know ſorrow.

O happy Treaſon! See how Wealth
Is made their Heaven! They ſwell
With Pride! and live by Blood and Stealth,
As if there were no Hell!

No

No *Saduces* but muſt confeſs,
Thoſe Monſters which are told
In Story, are riſen now no leſs
Prodigious then of old.

Both *Cain* and *Judas* back are come,
In Vizards moſt *divine:*
GOD bleſs us from a Pulpit-Drum,
And a Preaching *Catiline.*

They feed upon a Kingdoms Curſe,
And prey upon a King!
The Dev'l provide a ſecond Courſe,
And then a *Voyder* bring.

Now *CHARLES*, thy Conqueſt is compleat,
And all the World ſhall ſee,
That GOD which guides the *Royal Scot*,
Will thy *Avenger* be.

O *Houſe* of *Commons*, *Houſe* of *Lords*,
Amend before *September:*
For 'tis *decreed*, your *Souldiers* Swords
Shall then you *All-diſmember.*

But like fair *Chapmen*, 'twas well done,
To give you time and day
To caſt accompts; for one by one
They will you ſoundly pay.

The Kingdom all in pieces torn!
Your time is fairly ſpent;
To make your ſelves a very ſcorn,
Your *King* but *Jack-a-Lent.*

Now,

Now, now we see 'twas for the Crown
The *Houses* both did fight:
For since the *Cavaliers* are down,
They put the *King* to flight.

The *Adjutators* stern and proud,
Said, He should have no *Quarter*,
Because he is a *King*; and vow'd
To make the Saint a *Martyr*.

Their Officers cry'd, *Hail, O King*;
The rest made mocks and scorns;
The *Houses* Vinegar did bring,
And all did plat the Thorns.

Thus *crucifi'd*, Great *CHARLES* did live
As dead, is gone away:
For *Resurrection*, GOD will give
A new *Cor'nation day*.

Rouze up! *King Charles* hath mist the snare
Laid for his Royal Feet:
Let th' *Adjutators* now take care
Each for his *Winding-sheet*.

The *Army* rendezvouzed are,
And do they know not what;
The *Scots* and they are like to jar:
Let us thank GOD for that.

The *Houses* know not what to think;
The *Citt's horn-madded be:*
They must be whipt until they stink:
A joyful sight to see!

Thus

Thus *Cavaliers* caſt up your Caps,
And tell the *Rebels* plain,
That *Charles* in ſpight of all their traps,
Shall ſhortly rule again.

For *Liberty*, and *Privilege*,
Religion and the *King*,
We fought; But O! the *Golden Wedge!*
That is the only *Thing*.

There lies the *Cream* of all the *Cauſe*;
Religion is but *Whig*;
Pure *Privilege* eats up the *Laws*,
And cries, For *Kings a Fig*.

The *Houſes* may a *Chriſtmas* keep,
The *Countrymen* a *Lent*,
The Citizens (like ſilly ſheep)
Muſt faſt, and be content.

Then where is Liberty, (I pray)
With *Juſtice*, *Truth* and *Right?*
Sure they and *Conſcience* fled away
With *Charles*, to th' *Iſle of Wight*.

Gape, gape for *Peace*, poor *Countrymen*;
The Members mean to treat:
And we ſhall ſee fair play agen,
When they no more can cheat.

The *King* ſhall come to *Weſtminſter*,
It may be to his Grave,
Or of a glorious Prince muſt there
Be made a *Royal-Slave*.

But 'twere more wise to let him reign
Out of his *Peoples* sight,
For fear he should bring Peace again,
And put them in a fright.

Sure *Martin* lay in of a *Clap*,
And *Say* himself did dote;
The *Devil* too, wore a sick Cap,
When th' *Houses* past this Vote,

Come let us live, and laugh away
The follies of this Age;
Treason breeds care; we'll sing and play
Like birds within a cage.

Fetters are th' only favors now
The *Houses* give (we see:)
And since the *King* them wears, I vow,
'Twere baseness to be free.

Then let us all our sorrows drown
In *Sack* and merry *Glee*:
Ye *Citizens* of *London*-Town,
What jolly Slaves are we!

For *Common-prayer*, ye have *Excise*,
Free-quarter too is comming
To pay you for your *Mutinies*,
Feasts, *Covenants*, and *Drumming*.

No *Puritan*, no *Popish Priest*,
Nor *Prot'stant* now shall be;
Nor *Law*, but to live as we list,
'Tis *Heaven* thus to be free.

Could

Could *Babylons* great King now ſit
In Counſel with our Nation,
He were the only Man to fit
Us with a *Reformation.*

The glorious *Golden-Idol* then
Might ſhine in each *Dominion*;
Both *Factions* and their *Brethren*
Would ſoon be *one opinion.*

Away, thou *Pagan-Cavalier*,
This *God* muſt not be thine;
But for the *Saints* at *Weſtminſter*,
Whoſe ſouls are more divine.

Live, drink, and laugh, our *Worthies* may,
And kindly take their fills;
The *Subjects* muſt their reckonings pay,
The *King* muſt paſs their *Bills.*

No *Princes* now, but they; the *Crown*
Is vaniſht with our Quiet;
Nor will they let us uſe our own
Devotions and *Diet.*

All *Plums* the *Prophets Sons* deſie,
And *Spice-broths* are too hot;
Treaſon's in a *December-Pye*,
And *Death* within the *Pot.*

Chriſtmas, farewel; thy day (I fear)
And merry-days are done:
So they may keep *Feaſts* all the year,
Our *Saviour* ſhall have none.

O happy *Nation* heretofore,
When Seas our Walls have been;
Unhappy now we see no shore,
But are all Sea within.

Factions, like *Billows*, rage and toss,
And *Death* mounts ev'ry *Wave*;
Yet in this *Storm* we are so cross,
We will no *Pilot* have.

Just such a *Tempest* seiz'd upon
Blest *Paul*, the *Scripture* says,
When he had seen no *Sun* nor *Moon*,
Nor *Stars* for many days.

Our *Sun* and *Moon* no beams create,
Our *Stars* dispers't we see:
Such as was his, will be our *Fate*,
We must all *shipwrackt* be.

A glorious *Prince* this *Parliament*
The *King* should be, did swear;
But now we understand they meant
In *Heaven*, and not *here*.

Let them invade the *Throne*, and part
His *Crown*, and vote his *Fate*;
Yet know, in each true *Noble Heart*,
He keeps his *Chair of State*.

Princes may be, like other Men,
Imprisoned, and kept under
A while, as *fire in clouds*, but then
At length appear in *Thunder*.

And, as in hidden *Caves* the *wind*
Sad *tremblings* doth create;
So *Monarchs*, by their own confin'd,
Cauſe *Earthquakes* in the *State*.

Farewel the *Glory* of our *Land*;
For, now the *Free-born Blades*,
Our *Lives* and our *Eſtates* command,
And ride us all like *Jades*.

Faith and *Religion* bleeding lie,
And *Liberty* grows faint:
No *Goſpel*, but pure *Treachery*,
And *Treaſon* make the *Saint*.

Oh! 'tis a heavenly *Cauſe* (I trow)
Which firſt baptiz'd the *Round-head*
In *Noble Strafford's Blood*! but now
Muſt on the *Kings* be founded.

Yet know, that *Kings* are *Gods* on Earth;
And thoſe which pull them down,
Shall find it is no leſs than Death
To tamper with a *Crown*.

'Tis true, as *Harry Martin* ſaid,
The *Scots* away muſt pack;
The Cov'nant ſhall aſide be laid,
Like an *Old Almanac*.

Come then, and buy my *New*, true, *New*,
New *Almanac* moſt true,
Such *Accidents* of *State* to ſhew,
The like no *Age* ere knew.

Since

Since that we loſt our *King* and *Laws*,
Since *Jealouſies* and *Fears*,
Since *Peace*, *pure Truth*, and this *Foul Cauſe*,
It is full ſeven years.

Poor *CHARLES* purſu'd in *Forty one*,
Unking'd in *Forty ſeven*;
The *Eighth* will place him on his *Throne*,
In *Earth*, or elſe in *Heaven*.

Three *Kingdoms* brought to a fine paſs,
Whilſt that our *Saviours* Rule,
The Country is become an *Aſs*,
The City but a *Mule*.

Each *Univerſity* now pines,
The *Church* may hang and rot;
They baniſh all our true *Divines*,
The *Lawyers* too muſt trot.

Come, *Sirs*, more *Sacks* unto the *Mill*,
More *Taxes*, more *Free-quarter*;
'Tis fit our *Laws* be your *bare Will*,
And the *Exciſe* our *Charter*.

God ſpeed the Plough; plague *Rooks and Crows*,
And ſend us years more cheap:
For, I am ſure, whoever *ſows*,
The *Houſes* mean to *reap*.

Money, the *Soul* of *Man* and *Wit*,
But yet no *Saint* of mine!
While th' *Houſes* vote, and *Synod* ſit,
Thou ne're ſhalt want a *Shrine*.

Reforming is a dull *Deviee*,
Dreads nought but ſtrife and rage:
Thou putt'ſt us into *Paradice*,
And bring'ſt the *Golden Age*.

Thou art *Religion*, *God*, and all
That we may call *Divine*:
Thy *Temple* is *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
And all our *Prieſts* are thine.

Tuſh, tell not us the way to *Heav'n*,
Thou juggling *Clergy-Elf*,
That ſett'ſt the World at *ſix* and *ſeven's*;
Money is *Heav'n* it ſelf.

Betwixt thoſe *Atheiſts* feign'd of old,
And ours, there is no odds;
For, both this one opinion hold,
That *Fear did firſt make Gods*.

Hell now is thought an idle *Dream*
To fright Men from their *Crimes*;
Religion but a crafty *Theam*,
Made to *Bug-bear* the *Times*.

The *Bible* and great *Rabels Whore*,
May both together burn;
For the *Religious Fit* is o're
Now they have ſerv'd their turn.

Only, one *Text* may ſcape their hands,
Since they have ta'en ſuch pains,
To lay their *Lords in Iron Bands*,
And bind their *Kings in Chains*.

Co-

Copernicus, thy learned skill
We praiſe, ſince we have found
The truth; for now doth *Hea'vn* ſtand ſtill
Whilſt that the *Earth* runs round.

See how the *Wheel* of *Providence*
Back *Old Confuſion* brings!
Caſhires us once of a *Prince*,
To plague's with *Petty Kings*.

They ſay the *Saints* all rule muſt take,
And others muſt have none:
Their *Privilege* it is to make
A *Foot-ſtool* of the *Throne*.

The *Laws* o'th *Land* ſay, *Charles* muſt reign,
And *Conſcience* pleads his *Cauſe*:
But *Conſcience* is a thing moſt vain,
Their *Goſpel* eats up *Laws*.

Never ſuch *Rebels* have been ſeen,
As ſince we led this *Dance*:
So we may feaſt, let *Prince* and *Queen*
Beg *a-la-mode-de-France*.

Let *Conſcience* pine, and cry 'tis ſtrange,
Wee'll ſay 'tis bravely done,
To make the *King* take in *Exchange*
A *Dungeon* for a *Throne*.

Away with *Juſtice*, *Laws* and *Fear*;
When Men reſolve to riſe,
Brave *Souls* muſt ſcorn all *Scruples* where
A *Kingdom* is the *Prize*.

Then

Then let us what our *Labours* gain
Enjoy, and bleſs our *Chance:*
Like *Kings* let's domineer and reign;
Thus, *a-la-mode-de-France.*

King and *no King*, was once a *Play*,
Or *Fable* on the *Stage:*
But ſee! it is become this day
The *Moral* of our *Age.*

Newcaſtle was the firſt beſt *Scene*,
Then *Holmby*, *Hampton-Court*;
Next, from a *Palace* to a *Den*
Tranſlated, to make ſport.

Each *State-Buffoon* a part did take;
Some plaid the *Fool*, ſome *Knave*;
But ſtill the *Plot* was laid to make
Their *King* a *Royal Slave.*

Brave Actors! we admire your skill;
Your Play none underſtands;
Yet make an *Exit* when you will,
We all ſhall *clap our hands.*

At *Weſtminſter* two wond'rous *Beaſts*
This day are to be ſeen, *March* 14. 1648
Call'd *Liberty* and *Privilege*,
(GOD *ſave the King and Queen*)

Say, *Monſters* ſtrange, what kin are ye
To *Tygers* or the *Lion?*
For ſhame boaſt not your *Pedigree*
From the ſweet *Sons of Zion.*

This *Libertie* firſt whelpt the *Cauſe*;
The *Cauſe* then lay at lurch,
To gull the *City*, damn the *Laws*,
And quite caſhire the *Church*.

But *Privilege* (O monſtrous Thing!)
Eats up poor *Cavaliers*,
Feeds on the *Gentry* and the *King*;
But next have at the *Peers*.

Once more the *Kingdom* lies at *Stake*,
No matter then who wins;
Two *Schiſmaticks* the *Wagers* make,
And now the *Game* begins.

The *Scots* and *Sects*, two *Godly Cheats*,
Debar both *Ace* and *Sice*:
To rook each other with fine *Feats*,
They both bring in falſe *Dice*.

The firſt throws for the *Covenant*,
Next who ſhall *rule* and *ſway*.
For *Jocky* now doth ſwear and rant,
He'll have no more *foul play*.

The Sectaries cry'd, *Have at all*,
When firſt the *Dice* were thrown;
But rather than the *Scots* ſhall brawl,
They 'll part *ſtakes* in the *Crown*.

The *Devils* reign is ſhort, though fierce;
Then let our *Muſic* ſound;
The *Drawers* all the Hogſheads pierce,
And make the *Healths* go round.

Here's

Here's a *Health* to the *King* in *Sack*,
To the *Houſes* in *Small-Beer*;
In Vineger to th' crabbed *Pack*
Of *Prieſts* at *Weſtminſter*

Next, to revive our fainting States,
Fill out ſome *Aqua vitæ*:
'Twere pity on the *Bridge* ſuch *Pates*
Should meet in a *Committee*.

Let's water th' *Royal Plants* with *Tears*
Of *rich*, *divine Canary*:
Drink on, *Cav'liers*, t'all *Loyal Peers*;
Then end with *Charles* and *Mary*.

Full forty thouſand *Scots*, by *Vote*,
Muſt viſit us e're long:
Brave *Army* ſure! when ev'ry *Scot*
Is forty thouſand ſtrong!

Though th' *Houſes* have deſerv'd theſe *plagues*,
GOD keep our *Nation* free:
Like *Egypt*, let not us, by *Rags*
And *Vermin* conquer'd be.

For ſhame, for ſhame, call home your *King*,
With Honour let him treat:
His *Nature* is without a *ſting*;
His *Motto*, *To forget*.

Return, return, *Diſloyal Crue*
Of Men forſworn: if not,
Rather than thus we'll ſtoop to you,
We'll *Idolize* the *Scot*.

Come, *Mahomet*, thy *Turn* is next;
Now *Goſpel*'s out of *date*:
The *Alcoran* may prove *Good Text*
In our new *Turkiſh-State*.

Thou doſt unto thy Prieſts allow
The *ſin* of full four *Wives*:
Ours ſcarce will be content with now
Five *Livings*, and nine *Lives*.

Thy Saints and ours are all alike;
Their *Vertues* flow from *Vice*:
No *Bliſs* they do believe, and ſeek
But an *Earthly Paradice*.

A *Heav'n* on *Earth* they hope to gain,
But we do know full well,
Could they their *glorious ends* attain,
This *Kingdom* muſt be *Hell*.

From Priſon now return the *King*,
The *Queen* and *Prince* from *France*;
For Choſen *Charles* the *Welſh-men* ſing,
And ſtoutly lead the *Dance*.

The *Scotch-Bag-Pipes*, the *Pulpit-Drums*
And *Prieſts* ſound high and big:
Once more the Cauſe and Cov'nant comes
To ſhew's a *Scotiſh Jig*.

The *Iriſh* will a Voyage take,
To join their force in one;
And whilſt they friſk a *Galliard*, make
The *Houſes* ſing, *O Hone*.

Three *Kingdoms* thus muſt dance the *Hay*;
But ere the *Members* run,
We'll ſee they ſhall the Muſic pay,
And then the *Dance* is done.

Seven years by phrentic *Votes* and *Fits*,
Our *Worthies* bore command;
Then did they run out of their *Wits*,
But now out of the *Land*.

No more ſhall they the *City* ride
Like a fine *Golden Aſs*;
The *Navy*'s rigg'd with *Wind* and *Tide*,
They ſtay but for a *Paſs*.

But if they linger long behind,
And keep their *King* in *Bands*,
I'll undertake it ſhall be ſign'd
By a hundred thouſand *Hands*.

For proſp'rous Gales then on the Deep;
Let their *Prieſts* prate and *pray*
By *Order*, and at *Margarets* keep
An *Humiliation-day*.

The Factious now each other rout
With *Jealouſies* and *Fear*:
The *Independents face about*,
The reſt cry, *As you were*.

The *Preſbyters* put forth their *Horns*
To guard their *Goods* and *Homes*;
The *She-Militia* likewiſe ſcorns
Their *Cocks* ſhould loſe their *Combs*.

Then

Then toll (I pray) the *Passing-Bell*
For our new *State-Committee:*
These *monstrous Votes*, which made them swell,
Are cow'd down by the *City.*

Sweet *John-a-Nokes* and *John-a-Styles*,
And worshipful *Jack-Straws*,
Of both the *Junto's*, leave your *Wiles*,
And give's our *King* and *Laws.*

Betwixt two thieves our *Saviour* once
Suffer'd for us, and di'd:
So 'twixt two thievish *Factions*
Our *King* is crucifi'd.

Cæsar, not *Christ*, the ancient *Jews*
Paid tribute of their *Treasure*;
Our *Jews* no *King* but *Christ* will chuse,
And rob, and cry down *Cæsar.*

Now, for the *King* the zealous Kirk
'Gainst th' *Independent* bleats,
When as (alas!) their only wirk
Is to renew *old Cheats.*

If they can *sit*, *vote* what they list,
And crush the new *States* down,
Then up go *They*, but neither *Christ*
Nor *King*, shall have his own.

The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and each Disease,
Are cur'd, though they invade us:
But never look for *Health* and *Peace*,
If once *Presbyt'ry* jade us.

When

When ev'ry *Prieſt* becomes a *Pope*,
Then *Tinkers* and *Sow-gelders*
May, if they can but 'ſcape the *Rope*,
Be Princes and *Lay-Elders*.

If once the Kirk-men pitch their *Tents*
Without our *Aſſembly-Aſſes*,
Synods will eat up *Parliaments*,
Courts be devour'd by *Claſſes*.

Look to't, ye Gentry, elſe be *Slaves*
To *Slaves* that can't abide ye:
Though ye have been cow'd down by *Knaves*,
Oh! let not *Fools* now ride ye.

But ſev'n years (of a thouſand 'tis)
Our *Saints* muſt *Rulers* be:
So they ſhall loſe in years of bliſs,
Nine hundred ninety three.

No more then let thoſe *Rabbies* truſt
Unto the *Revelation*;
For their *Interpreter* is *Luſt*,
And *Pride* makes *Application*.

Religion but a Pack-horſe is,
To carry on *Deſignes*;
The *Bible* like a *Juglers Box*,
Us'd by our *State-Diviners*.

Texts are tormented one by one,
Like *Votes*, now here, now there:
Thus *Hocus-Pocus* is out-done
By them at *Weſtminſter*.

The

The *Banes* are askt, the *Marriage* next
Goes forward in the *City*:
For now the *Match* is made betwixt
Them and the *State-Committee*.

Thou Strumpet (*London*) tell not us
Of *Babel* any more;
If from thy *King* thou parteſt thus,
Thou art the greater *whore*.

Thy *Bags* their *Portion* now are meant,
As well as *Crown* and *Church*;
But when that all is gone and ſpent,
They'll leave thee in the *lurch*.

Thou *Bawd* of *Treaſon*, then for all
Thy curſed *Fornication*,
Thou and thy *Prieſtly Panders* ſhall
Be *Carted* through the *Nation*.

The Market's made; the *King* ſhall *treat*,
(They ſay) and buy his own:
But is not this a very *Cheat*.
To ſet the price, a *Crown*?

Alas! the *Members* run by *rote*,
And ſhew us many a *Feat*:
Thus all the year they'll *vote*, *unvote*,
For *Money*, *Cloaths* and *Meat*.

'Tis fit that they uphold their *Trades*,
What ere *Malignants* ſpeak:
So they can thrive, the City-Jades
Their Backs and Necks may break.

Poor

Poor, *What d' lack?* ſmall gains can ſhow,
With many an empty *Shelf*:
The *Houſe* ſpoils *Shops*; 'tis *Aye* and *No*,
That brings in all the *Pelf*.

Rebellion makes our *Nation* bleed
With freſh *Alarms* (we ſee:)
But yet it is not well agreed
Who muſt the *Rebel* be.

The *Round-head* firſt the *Rebel* was,
(If truth be in the *Laws*)
Till *Treaſon* did for *Goſpel* paſs,
To bolſter up the *Cauſe*.

The thriving *Cauſe* with high diſdain,
In *Fortunes* full *Career*,
Throws *Rebel* in the face again
Of *King* and *Cavalier*.

Thus *Proſp'rous miſchief* makes it good
Againſt all *Law* and *Reaſon*:
Not to ſpill *Royal*, *Loyal Blood*,
But, *to be conquer'd 's Treaſon*.

Five months ago, our mighty *States* *June* 20. 1648.
Were pleas'd to vote *No King*;
But two months ſince, to act new *Cheats*,
Their *Votes* the *Changes* ring.

'Tis time the *Bells* of *Weſtminſter*
Chime *Backwards*, and retire
To quench the *Flame*, when as we hear
The *Kingdom's* all on fire

But yet (it seems) they make a *stand*,
And cry it is no matter:
What need they care for *Fire* on *Land*,
Whose Journey lies by *Water*?

GOD send them *Ships*, fair Winds and Ti
With *Passage* quick and good;
Or else I fear (to scourge our pride)
They'll swim through *Seas of Blood*.

The *Holy War* goes on apace,
Yet brings the *Saints* no *Pay*:
In triumph now they ne're say *Grace*,
But only *Fast* and *Pray*.

They many an hungry *Conquest* get,
But not *Thanksgiving* Dinners:
The *City* knows they scorn to eat
With *Publicans* and *Sinners*.

The *Members* cannot spare one *Meal*;
Their *Bags* lie *seal'd* in Town:
What though they broke the *Kings great Seal*,
They'll not undo their own?

The Country bids them starve, or hang,
They'll be no more kept under:
The *Cavaliers* will soundly bang
Them all, and spoil their *Plunder*.

Reformation, thou *Stalking-Horse*
Of our *Hip-shotten State*;
Th' *Appendix* of the *Public Purse*,
And *Midwife* of our Fate!

'Twas

'Twas *Thou*, and *Beldam-Conſcience* firſt,
That ſet the world a *madding*;
And you your ſelves, like *Cain* accurſt,
Have ever ſince been *gadding*.

Pox take th' *unlucky Cauſe*, for me,
It is a Wild *Vagary*;
The *Bane* of *Boon Society*:
For that firſt rais'd *Canary*.

Poor *Sinners* now muſt *ſnap a cruſt*;
Ye *deadly ſev'n*, farewel:
For ſince y'are all Excis'd, we muſt
Pay dear to purchaſe *Hell*.

What, though the *Factions* are agreed
The *Kingdom* ſtill to *cheat*?
Do what they can, it is decreed
The *King* ſhall come and *treat*.

Come from the *Dungeon* to the *Throne*,
(*Great Charles*) and quell the rage
Of th' Iron world; with *Thee* alone
Revives the *Golden Age*.

Thoſe very Saints, which joy'd thy *Fall*,
And ſaid thy day was done,
Will now like *Perſian-Pagans*, all
Adore the *Riſing Sun*.

No more wrapt up in Clouds remain,
Secluded from the *Nation*:
May *Thou* and *Thine* ſhine bright, and reign
A *Glorious Conſtellation*.

It is decreed (*Great Prince*) thy *Fate*
Shall check their damned *Plots*;
Though *London* jade it for the *State*,
And bandies at the *Scots*.

The *Presbyters* now fain would ride,
And shew us t' other *Feat*;
Therefore to quell the *Saints* high pride,
They say the *King* shall *treat*.

Were he in their hands, the *Town's their own*,
The *Houses* too must work,
To *vote* the *Independents* down,
And mount the Rascal *Kirk*.

Away, ye *juggling*, paltry *Crew*
Of well-affected *Knaves*;
Rather than free your *Sov'raign*, you
Your selves will live like *Slaves*.

Stand to 't, ye *Lords*, we'll stand to you,
And clip the *Commons* wings:
Let not the *Lev'ling Rascal-Crew*,
Thus domineer like *Kings*.

The *Lower* is the *Upper-House*,
And hath been so seven years:
Your *Votes* they value not a *Lowse*,
Ye *Antichristian Peers*.

They give you many a *Ratling Peal*,
And bait you one by one;
For should a *Treaty* take, their *Zeal*
And *Saintships* are undone.

My *Lords*, of *Gotam*, not of *Greece*,
Your *Wiſdoms* I ſhall ſing;
And ſell you all for *pence apiece*,
If you reject your *King*.

No *Camel* like the LONDON breed,
To *drudge*, *pray*, *pay*, and *feaſt*;
In *Body*, and in *Purſe* to bleed:
O 'tis a *patient Beaſt* !

If you'll needs pray, pray ſtay at home;
Tell GOD your ſad condition:
'Tis *Popiſh* to the *Saints* to come
And put up your *Petition*.

This wondrous *Idol* of the *States*,
The Stomach hath of *Bell*:
Like *Moloch* it *Mankind* doth eat,
And quick devours like *Hell*.

As th' *Horſe-Leech* (*Give*) it ever cries,
And rages like the *Dragon*;
As the old *Serpent* it is wiſe:
But it muſt fall like *Dagon*.

Would you know why the *Plague* hath ceas't
Theſe laſt ſev'n years now ſpent?
Becauſe GOD knows no greater *Peſt*
Than this ſame *Parliament*. 1648.

How many thouſands hath it ſwept
Of *Bodies*, *Souls*, and *Gold*!
King, *Church*, and *People*, (none except)
Have all been *bought* and *ſold*.

Our

Our merry *Pipes*, for *Trumpets* ſhrill;
Our *Tabers* chang'd to *Drums*:
Princes are brav'd by *Jac* and *Gill*,
Wat Tilers, and *Tom Thums*.

'Tis time thoſe *Bags*, which caus'd the *War*,
Should make the *War* to ceaſe;
For the *States Muſic* is to jar,
But our beſt *Muſick*'s *Peace*.

Now ſhall the *King* enjoy his own;
And that new Vertue, *Treaſon*,
Whereby the *Saints* do claim the *Crown*,
Be baffled with high *Reaſon*.

Great *CHARLES*, thy *Vertues* I deſire,
Not *Solomons*, nor his *Stores*;
For who can tell moſt to admire
His *Wiſdom* or his *Whores*?

His *Vices* ſo eclips'd his *Grace*,
That wranglers cannot tell,
Whether as yet they may him place
In *Heaven*, or in *Hell*.

But all that was in him *Divine*,
And more, to *Thee* is giv'n;
That where ſo many *Graces* ſhine,
A *Priſon* muſt be *Heav'n*.

Another *Blow!* will not the *Scot*,
And Loyal *Engliſh* do?
Sure, *Jove* himſelf is of the *Plot*,
An *Independent* too.

Is

Is he a *King*, and will he ſee
Rebels aſſault the *Crown?*
Had they but hands to reach, 'tis he
Should next reſign his own.

Is he a *God?* and ſhall this *Tribe*
Go on as they begin?
Atheiſts will ſay, They do him bribe
For *Privilege* to *ſin*

If theſe be *Saints*, 'tis vain indeed
To think there's *Good* or *Evil:*
The *World* will ſoon be of this *Creed*,
No God, *no King*, *no Devil.*

Of all thoſe *Monſters* which we read
In *Afric*, *Inde*, or *Nile*,
None like to thoſe now lately bred
Within this wretched *Iſle.*

The *Cannibal*, the *Tygre* fell,
Crocodile and *Sycophant*;
The *Turk*, the *Jew*, and *Infidel*,
Make up an *Engliſh Saint.*

By theſe were *Liſle* and *Lucas* crown'd;
Two *Worlds*, both great and good:
For *Men*, *Art*, *Arms*, were all here drown'd
I'th' *Deluge* of their blood.

The Trump of *Fame's* too low and weak,
That of the *General Doom*
Is only fit their praiſe to ſpeak,
The *World* to be their *Tomb.*

The

The Treaty holds; and some men are
Convinc'd the *Wars* will cease:
Fond *Folk!* To think the Men of *War*
Will e're endure a *Peace.*

Go, bid the *Scot* quit *English* Ground,
The *Swede* the *German* Air;
Holland obey the *Spanish* Crown,
The *Pope* leave *Peter's* Chair.

Woo the great *States-man* to his *Grave*,
Preach *Gospel* to the *Jews*;
To *Turks*, that *Mahomet's* a Knave,
Platonic Love to Stews.

Let *Citizens* loath sacred things,
Presbyters pride and ease;
When these are done, make *Saints* love *Kings*,
And then we may have *Peace.*

See in what glory *CHARLES* now sits,
With *Truth* to conquer *Treason*;
And prove he is the *King* of *Wits*,
The *World*, *Himself*, and *Reason.*

Angels bear witness GOD looks down,
The *Graces* too attend;
Sure none but *Devils* then will frown
Upon a blessed end.

Ten hundred thousand *Loyal Hearts*,
All bleeding at his *Fate*;
As many Wishes from all parts
Flie round his *Chair* of State.

Come

Come then, ye dirty *Sainted Elves*,
Worse than *Church-window* paint:
By this fair *Glass* abhor your selves,
Learn here to be a *Saint*.

The *King* the four great *Bills* must pass,
And none but *Saints* be free:
Th' *Irish* and *Cavaliers* (alas!)
Must th' only *Rebels* be.

New *Lords*, new *Laws*, new *Saints* are we;
Religion's in a fine pickle,
When 'tis resolv'd the *Church* shall be
A Three-years *Conventicle*.

Militia too, they needs must gain,
Those pretty carnal *Tools*:
For *Pauls* old *Weapons* they disdain,
As fit for none but *Fools*.

Thus *Royal CHARLES* lets to *Lease*,
Lays *Sword* and *Scepter* down,
To shew he values *Us* and *Peace*
Above a glorious *Crown*.

Give me the *Dragons Gall* for *Ink*,
His *sting* to be my *Pen*,
To blast the *Scot*, and make him stink
Worse than the *Dregs* of men.

See now the *Reformation-Work*,
For which they made us bleed,
Is to cashire *King*, *Church* and *Kirk*,
On this and that side *Tweed*.

Let them with *Egypt's* plagues be croſt,
Yet ſtill find new and worſe;
And ſince I have *Jobs* patience loſt,
Give me his skill to *curſe*.

At *Home* and *Hell* may they e'er dwell;
And for quick paſſage thither,
As they have *juggled* all full well,
So may they *hang* together.

Let me be *Turk*, or any thing,
But a *Scotch Calviniſt*:
Firſt he damn'd *Biſhops*; next, his *King*;
Now he caſhires his *Chriſt*.

Gude faith, *Sir*, they the *Pulpit* bang,
But let their *Goſpel* down;
For, the old *Saviour* needs muſt gang
Now a new one's come to *town*.

The *Saints*, whom once their mouths did *curſe*,
Dear *Brethren* are, and *Friends*:
Which proves their *Zeal* a *Stalking-Horſe*
For *Knaviſh-godly* ends.

Then rail no more at *Antichriſt*,
But learn ye to be *civil*:
And ſince ye have King *Cromwel* kiſt,
Shake hands too with the *Devil*.

Since they have damn'd all *Saints* of old,
No *new* ſhall be for me:
Like *Jews*, they worſhip *Gods* of *Gold*,
Their *King* they crucifie.

Were

Were he the *King* of *Kings*, his *Crown*
Could not be safe from *Foes*:
Like *Jesuites*, they no *Gospel* own,
But *Murther* and *Depose*.

Like *Turks*, their *Heav'n* lies all in *Sense*,
In *Wenches*, *Tarts* and *Gelly*:
No *Hell* they fear, when parted hence;
They serve no *God*, but *Belly*.

All this, and more, (by *Jove*) is true,
If they the *Treaty* cease,
To juggle with the *Lev'lling* Crew
That cry, *No King*, *No Peace*.

No *Lord*, no *Knight*, no *Gentleman*,
For *Honours* now are Crimes:
The *Saints* will form us (if they can)
All to the *Prim'tive times*.

Brave days, when *Adam* was a King
Without *Crown*, *Lands*, or *Riches!*
So, stript of *Royal Robes*, they'll bring
Great *CHARLES*, to *Fig-leave Breeches*.

Princes with *Plowmen* rank shall pass;
Ladies, like the first *woman*,
Must spin, or else be turn'd to Grass,
Now all things are in *common*.

Thus *Cov'nanting*, and *Levelling*,
Three *Kingdoms* have o'rethrown,
And made *all fellows* with their *King*,
A *Foot-ball* of the *Crown*.

Tell me thou *Presbyterian Ass*,
Why thou at first didst jar:
Thy peevish *Plea* (No Bishops) was
The first ground of the War.

Next, to thy shame, thou didst combine
With the Sectarian Routs;
Our *CHARLES* should be no *King* of thine,
Or but a King of *Clouts*.

Both *King* and Bishops thus exil'd,
The Saints not yet content:
Now with fresh flames of *Zeal* grow wild,
And cry, *No Parliament*.

Well may we then this Maxime prove,
Treason no end can know,
But levels at the *Gods* above,
As well as those below.

Hark, how for Peace the *Kingdom* groans,
That warr'd they knew not why!
Yeild then, or else the very *Stones*
Will out against you cry.

For shame, ye *Bastard-Saints*, give o'er,
Or else the world will think
Your Mother is great *Babels* Whore,
If blood you love to drink.

The State's grown fat with *Orphans* Tears,
Whilst *Widows* pine and moan;
And *tender Conscience* in sev'n years,
Is turn'd t' a heart of *Stone*.

Return,

Return, hard hearts, the *Treaty* ends,
Our breasts with hope do swell;
Your *Bags* are full, then let's be friends,
Or bid the *World* farewel.

No *Gods* above, nor *Gods* below,
Our *Saints* (I see) will own;
Allegiance is *Rebellion* now,
Treason to wear a *Crown*.

Nor *King* nor *Parliament* will please,
'Tis *Gospel* to rebel:
Nay, they'll *Remonstrate* against *Peace*,
Be it in *Heav'n* or *Hell*.

Pluto, beware, (to thee they come
When here their work is done:)
For they'll break loose, and beat up *Drum*,
And storm thee in thy *Throne*.

Then *John-of-Leyden*, *Nel*, and all
Their goblin ghostly *Train*,
(Brave *Rebel Saints* triumphant) shall
Begin their second *Reign*.

Brave *Reformation!* now I see
London's a blessed place,
To find the *Saints* chearful and free,
And nurse the *Babe* of Grace.

Let *yellow* boys ne're tempt their sight,
Of Valour with the sourcis
For the *tame Slaves* will never fight
Till they have empty *Purses*.

Come

Come then, ye lowſie wanton *Wags*
Of ſainted *Chivalry*;
And free their poor condemned *Bags*
That groan for *Liberty*.

March on, boon *Blades*, here's ſtore of Caſh,
Their King they will not pity:
Then ſpur them on, and ſoundly laſh
Theſe *Dull-men* of the *City*.

Dull *Cuckolds!* we are dainty *Slaves*,
And well may be content,
When *Thirty Fools*, and *Twenty Knaves*,
Make up a *Parliament*.

They baniſh all men in their *Wits*,
Vote *King*, *Lords*, all *Offenders*;
And authorize the phrentic Fits
Of our long-ſword *State-menders*.

'Tis *Nol*'s own *Brew-houſe* now, I ſwear;
The *Speaker*'s but his *Skinker*:
Their *Members* are, like th' *Council* of War,
Car-men Pedlers, and *Tinkers*.

Fine *Journey Junto!* pretty *Knack!*
None ſuch in all paſt Ages!
Shut ſhop; for, now the *godly Pack*
Will next pay you your *Wages*.

Gone are theſe Golden Days of yore,
When *Chriſtmas* was an *High-day*;
Whoſe ſports we now ſhall ſee no more;
'Tis turn'd into *Good-Friday*.

Now

Now, when the *King* of *Kings* was born,
And did *ſalvation* bring,
They ſtrive to crucifie in ſcorn
His *Vice-Roy*, and their *King*.

Since th' ancient *Feaſt* they have put down,
No new one will ſuffice;
But the choice *Dainties* of a *Crown*,
Princes in *Sacrifice*.

No Powers are ſafe, *Treaſon*'s a Tilt,
And the mad *Sainted-Elves*
Boaſt when the *Royal Blood* is ſpilt,
They'll all be *Kings* themſelves.

Like jolly *Slaves*, ye goodly *Knaves*,
We'll bid th' old year *Adieu*:
Old *Sack*, and things muſt paſs away,
And ſo ſhall all your new.

Now for a *No-King*, or a *New*;
For th' old, they ſay, ſhall pack;
The *New* may ſerve a year to view
Like an old *Almanack*.

New *Houſes*, new; for th' old ones dote,
And have been thrice made *Plunder*;
The Saints do vote, and act by *rote*,
And are a *Nine-days-wonder*.

Then let us chear, this merry New-year;
For *CHARLES* ſhall wear the Crown:
'Tis a *damn'd Cauſe*, that damns the Laws,
And turns all up-ſide down.

FINIS.